



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

CARMEL CYMBAL

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5 CENTS

DEAFENING HALLELUJAHS

We have been informed by Lynda Sargent, of whom you perhaps have heard, that copy for her "Clanging Cymbals" will be on our desk in time for our next issue.

WE SUGGEST SOME SORT OF SIDEWALK UP THE LENGTH OF OCEAN AVENUE HILL

It has been suggested to us, and after personal observance we see the possibility of it, that one of these days a pedestrian who endeavors to negotiate the Ocean Avenue hill between Junipero street at the bottom and Carpenter street at the top is going to get hit by an automobile. In going either way said pedestrian has the benefit of no sidewalk except for short and indeterminate stretches, and where it is available it is perched on a cliff, or is sandy and slippery, or otherwise not adaptable to pleasant walking. It's considered easier, if not safer, to walk on the concrete street. And therein lies the danger, and no fancied danger, either. Couldn't the city chisel off some of the lump the Shaff Brothers are trying to get and put sidewalks up that hill—not concrete sidewalks, but levelled spaces for pedestrians?

"FOR SALE" AND "FOR RENT" SIGNS EVENTUALLY DESTROY THE PURPOSE OF THEM

It's a pity if Carmel is to be a town spattered with "For Rent" and "For Sale" signs, but it looks as though it were heading that way. Yesterday we counted nine signs on houses and lots on Carmelo street between Ocean Avenue and our domicile at Twelfth street. If you'll pardon our resorting to an expression that seems so appropriately to fit the case, they look like hell.

We can understand the desire of property owners to rent their property or to sell it. But it occurs to us its value for rent or for sale is principally contingent on the appearance of its surroundings. You will notice that in every city where "for sale" and "for rent" signs are numerous, that section is the least desirable. It's bound to work out that way.

And, as we have said before, there's another important point to it. When you, a property owner, decide to handle your own property without benefit of an agent, you're cooking up for yourself a fine muligan of trouble. For the small percentage the real estate agent gets for renting your property he or she does a heap of a lot of caretaking and cleaning-up most of you know little about. As for the sale of your property, what an agent gets out of that doesn't so well compensate for the labor spent in trying to sell it to a dozen or so others who took his time and effort and then went galloping off.

You say you know some real estate agents who—Yes, I know about that, too. There have been absconding bank managers, but why take that out on Jack Abernethy or Charlie Berkey.

And if real estate agents aren't making a lot of money why do people be real estate agents? That's a good question and from us it gets just as good an answer: We're damned if we could ever figure it out.

But if you want to keep this
(Continued on Page Two)

SMART SPECIAL SESSION HELPS COUNCIL KEEP IN CHARACTER

Mayor Everett Smith and his wildly-appealing cohorts on the city council had to think fast Wednesday of this week in order to see to it that the city wasted some more money for the next fiscal year.

It was suddenly discovered, and far be it from us to say that the discovery was made by the Dolores street concern which is to profit thereby, that unless a resolution calling for bids for city printing was passed before the next regular meeting of the council November 3, the bids thus invited could not be opened until the regular meeting on December 8.

This, of course, would have been of no special moment except for the fact that if the bids were not to be opened until December 8 the CARMEL CYMBAL could have submitted a bid, and, possibly, underbid its competitor and saved the city money on the legal printing.

So, Mayor Smith sent out a hurried call Wednesday morning. The council met in special session Wednesday afternoon and passed the resolution calling for bids on city printing. So, the Pine Cone will carry the call for bids and the bids may be opened at the regular meeting on November 3. So, the only bid that can be received is that of the Pine Cone, as the Californian is printed in Monterey, and THE CYMBAL has another six glorious weeks to go to pass the one-year mark and be eligible.

So, the Pine Cone will put in its lone, safe bid of 39 cents a square inch for the city printing, a figure that is all the law allows.

So, our city council marches on, seeing to it that there shall be no saving of taxpayers' shekels if it can help it.

JIM THOBURN, YOU'RE AN OLD FRAUD

Smiling Jim Thoburn who, as commissioner of streets, has a soft job because Bill Askew is his superintendent, doesn't do so well as commissioner of sidewalks. In fact, he's a fraud at it, and if some autumn visitor, 6 feet, 8 1/4 inches in height, walks down Ocean Avenue, Smiling Jim is liable to be responsible for a suit for damages against the town.

It's like this: Somebody was hanging Hélène Vye's new sign. It had to have, according to the law, as administered by Jim Thoburn, a clearance of seven feet above the sidewalk. Hélène so warned the sign-hanger. The sign-hanger took a naked-eye slant at Charmak & Chandler's sign. Then he measured it. Oh, Oh! Six feet, 8 inches clearance. Another slant at the next sign due east. He measured that one. Two Oh, Oh's! Six feet, 9 inches clearance.

And that sign reads: "THOBURNS."

NOT SO HOT

Additions and alterations to five different pieces of property bring the half-month mark for building permits to a very unimposing \$3,285.

Dick Towle is acting manager of the Filmarte now that Dick Bare is delving deeper and deeper into the intricacies of color-photography.

A Mere Letter—

This letter, coming from not very far down the coast, is printed on the chance that the 609 subscribers to THE CYMBAL in Monterey County will read it, and on the practical certainty that neither Johnny nor Babe will see it or know anything about it. If you want more information, communicate with me. —W. K. B.

Dear W. K. Bassett:

I wonder if you could get me some information. What does one do to help someone get into the state sanitarium for tuberculars?

In our canyon is Johnny's wife. Johnny calls her Babe. She is 23 years old and weighs about 60 pounds. When we asked if she might be cared for at the county hospital tubercular ward, we were told that she had not lived in the county long enough to be eligible and that, as she is what is called a "terminal" case, there is no place for her in Salinas. A terminal case in blunt language means that she will die. With proper care she might not die, or with proper care her last days might be made more cheerful.

She is sweet, very gallant—a good sport. Is alone most of the day as Johnny works. She is in the canyon where the days are short and the shadows long. The rains will come soon. A mountain lion walked into her cabin last evening.

I do what I can for her, but that is not enough. She should be in the state sanitarium at Weimar for the winter at least. Until then she at least should have magazines and victrola records and even an old-fashioned battery radio that someone has thrown into the basement.

At its best, being a terminal case isn't much fun—at 23—do you think? Let's make what fun we can for Babe.

AUDIT ANSWER FROM SAIDEE ON NOV. 3— MAYBE

Now that she is through her multiplying and finished the assessment roll and given Clayton Shaff a good slice of her mind, Saidée Van Brower, our abiding city clerk, opines that perhaps and maybe she will be able to get down to the business of providing the city council with her answer to the audit of her books which presumed to show that she is indebted to the city of Carmel in the sum of some \$2600.

As to the figures, Miss Van Brower raises considerable objection.

"Twenty-six hundred dollars, forsooth," she says in her fashion. "Adding every possible mistake, real and fancied, there isn't a loss to the city of \$200. And I shall have something to say about that in my answer."

To tell the truth, Saidée didn't say anything like this. But we, being psychic, could see the very words running as on ticker tape through her cerebellum just behind her brow. And we will prove our ability along this line by the very words appearing, in a manner, in the "answer" down to which she is getting ready to get just at present.

The next meeting of the council—regular meeting—will convene at 7:45 o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, November 3, and at that time you will, or the council will, hear from our city clerk. Indications are quite definite that what she has to say will not be mincing.

Grace and Allan Robertson are leaving for San Francisco tomorrow and bidding farewell to Carmel where they have been living for the past year or so. Allan has been transferred to the San Francisco office of the SRA. Grace recently took one of the leading roles in the First Theater presentation of the old-time melodrama, "In the Shadow of the Rockies," and won herself many fine tributes as the school-marm.

CHEST DRIVE GETS START AT DINNER TUESDAY

The annual fund-raising campaign of the Monterey Peninsula will get off to a flying start at a dinner to be held at Del Monte next Tuesday night, October 19, at which all committee members, Chest agency representatives and the public are urged to attend. Prominent speakers will present different phases of the humanitarian work that is carried on by the various Chest agencies. Work of committees will also be outlined by campaign directors. The campaign parallels San Francisco's Chest Drive from October 20 to November 5.

The objective this year is \$25,595, a substantial increase over last year's quota. But the necessity is there, far greater than the amount set, for the Chest budget committee felt that its duty lay in keeping the quota down to a point comparable with an amount that it is possible to raise. The public is, therefore, invited to make its subscriptions as generous as possible, and also to help workers by mailing in subscriptions at once, addressed to the Community Chest, in either community.

Under leadership of Chest president, W. J. Crabbe, and Perry Reel, campaign director, organization plans are being effected. Various committees are now organized and are functioning. In Carmel Mrs. Golden Whitman is chairman of the drive, with offices at Gladys Johnston's real estate office on the Golden Bough Court, Ocean Avenue.

Miss Lydia Weld, president of the Monterey County League of Women Voters, will be in Berkeley on Tuesday, October 19, to attend a conference of League Leaders. The conference is open to the Northern California state executive council and to local league presidents. Constance Roach, secretary of organization of the National League, will conduct the conference.

NEW SECTIONS PLAN TO JOIN SANITARY DISTRICT

Petitions for the annexation of the northern section of Hatton Fields, the site of the Peninsula Community Hospital and Carmel Woods by the Carmel Sanitary District are being drawn up and will soon be circulated by property owners in the respective districts.

If the petitions are successful and the two districts and the hospital come in, it is proposed by the sanitary board to make plans for definite action looking toward the acquisition of necessary land and the erection of a disposal plant that will accommodate the district for many years to come.

It has not been decided whether the cost of the proposed plant will be defrayed through a bond issue or an assessment on all members of the district. It is said that the latter plan would be less expensive to all concerned.

The estimated cost of an adequate disposal plant and the land therefor is between \$50,000 and \$60,000.

SPECIAL YOUNG PEOPLES' SERVICES AT ALL SAINTS

Beginning this Sunday the Rev. Carel Hulsewé, rector of All Saints Church, plans to make the church services every third Sunday of the month of special interest to young people, both in the music program and in his sermon. This Sunday, in addition to the regular music, Max Hagemeyer, Carmel cellist, will be soloist. There will also be a special message in the sermon for boys and girls of high school age.

CARMEL REPRESENTED IN NEW BOOK OF POETRY

"Contemporary American Men Poets," a new volume of poetry recently issued, contains two poems by Robinson Jeffers, "Sinvergüenza" and "Cloudy Day" and one, "Fate," by A. S. Macdonald of Oakland, a Carmel summer resident.

"BY CANDLELIGHT" TO PLAY AT GREEN ROOM HERE

Ted Kuster plans to bring "By Candlelight," now playing in San Francisco with a cast of the Golden Bough Players, to the Golden Bough Green Room in Carmel for two performances, October 30 and 31. Tickets will be on sale at Stanford's a week previous to the engagements.

Certain people of importance in theatrical circles—Helen Gahagan and her husband, Melvyn Douglas, or Melvyn Douglas and his wife, Helen Gahagan—spent a few days in Carmel on The Point the past week. Maybe they're still here. We haven't gone into it deeply as we suspect they aren't interested in people knowing, anyway.

George and Anne Hopps got back into town late Sunday night after spending their honeymoon in Santa Barbara. The bride was Anne Walcott before her marriage. George is on the staff of La Playa Hotel where the couple will make their home. Anne is now nurse to Drs. Gratiot and Carter in their offices on the corner of Ocean and San Carlos.

town looking as it should; the kind of a town people will want to buy property in and rent it, take the signs off your houses and lots. Let the realtors take charge of 'em—and starve to death.

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WE CAN'T FIND IT IN OUR HEARTS TO BLAME SAIDEE FOR REFUSING BOOKS

Saidee Van Brower, as city clerk, refuses to accept \$88 worth of books which were dumped on the city council table last week by Clayton Shaff, certified public accountant, and designed for her use.

There are several reasons why she refuses to accept them and in our mind anyone of those reasons is good.

In the first place there is no provision anywhere that anybody can seem to lay his hands on which says that the city council shall provide the city clerk with books, or tell her how she shall keep them.

In the second place the books designed for her by Mr. Shaff, if they were to be used at all, should have been ready for use on January 1 of this year. That was the beginning of her fiscal year.

In the third place the books are not properly printed as to column headings and would be difficult for her to use.

In the fourth place they have been written in by some member of the Shaff Brothers accounting firm, and by what right has anybody to write in books for which the city clerk alone must be held responsible?

In the fifth place the writing is full of errors. On 16 pages of the "Warrants and Distribution" ledger mistakes have been made, figures scratched out in one column and transferred to another.

You don't have to be a certified public accountant or be able to charge \$4300 for auditing a set of books and \$25 a day for five days for explaining the audit to a police judge, to see that the Shaff Brothers have brought their expensive audit up to a fine muddled finish, and that the majority members of the city council who smugly accept this outcome stand before the people who elected them as a bunch of money-wasters and maladministrators.

Notwithstanding whatever criticism may be made against Saidee Van Brower as an efficient city clerk, she certainly has her feet planted on solid ground in this matter. She is an elective officer, responsible only to the voters of this city. She has her own job to do. Whether she does it ill or well is one thing. It is entirely another whether the city council and an outside auditor have the right to tell her by what methods she shall do it. The council may call her to account for errors, but certainly not for errors that appear in books she did not write herself.

You'd think that certified public accountants wouldn't be so silly.

—W. K. B.

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ARNOLD GENTHE VISITS CARMEL ART GALLERY; LEAVES AN IDEA

Arnold Genthe visited his old stamping ground for a few days the past week, staying at La Playa. He dropped in on Janie Otto who curates the Carmel Art Gallery. He liked things there, even some of the pictures, and on Janie's invitation told her some of the few things she hadn't known before. One was to take the little white tags off the pictures and use some less noticeable mark of identification. He said some people would go away remembering the white tags instead of the painting it was stuck on. Arnold Genthe would say that.

We Think This Man Slevin Does The Pleasantest Things

You'd think to see him puttering around that Old Curiosity shop of his that he didn't have much pleasure in life other than what the presence of Ruth Young would give anyone, but Louis Slevin does do the funniest and the pleasantest things every now and then.

Take this last Sunday jaunt for instance.

Perhaps you wouldn't get much delight in riding on a narrow-gauge flat car, scaring flocks of pigs by the mere appearance of your conveyance, being laughed at by beer-truck chauffeurs and generally making a spectacle of yourself.

But Louis does. He did last Sunday.

You see, he's a member of the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, Inc., Pacific Coast chapter—he and about three or four hundred other fellas up and down the Pacific slope.

You should also see, and you could have seen last Sunday, that there is a railroad that runs out of San Luis Obispo to Port San Luis on the ocean, and down from San Luis Obispo to Los Olivos in Santa Barbara county. That is, it used to run like that. It hasn't for years and years. No one needs it any more. Along its right-of-way now, freight and passengers go by automobile.

But Louis' society decided to have an excursion and so the inoperative Pacific Coast Railway was invited to strut its stuff—its old narrow-gauge engines, rusting in a narrow-gauge roundhouse; its funny little narrow-gauge coaches, its dinky narrow-gauge flat cars.

It offered to do so and so about 125 members of Louis' society from Northern California, and about an equal number from Southern California, took the Southern Pacific's crack Daylight Limited down to

San Luis Obispo, or up to San Luis Obispo, depending on where you started from, and there made themselves guests of the officers of the Pacific Coast Railway.

And the officers of the Pacific Coast Railway trundled out their funny little engines, their dinky little coaches and their silly little flat cars and took the 250 nuts of the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, Inc., including Louis S. Slevin of Carmel, on a 20-mile-an-hour run down to Port San Luis.

Louis says it was great. He sat in a rocking chair, or some kind of a chair, on the back of a flat car and chortled, and was chortled at, with glee. San Luis Obispo citizens crowded around the little Pacific Coast Railway station and cheered the party on its way, sort of Bronx-ishly cheered, you might say; hogs and other livestock along the right-of-way, not having seen such a thing in their young lives, fled in utter terror, and truck drivers on the highway which paralleled the rusty tracks for some distance, urged the caravan to greater speed.

Louis says the roadbed wasn't so hot, but it held up the train sufficiently to get the party to Port San Luis and back to safety. He pronounces it a great day.

Incidentally it should be remarked that the invitation sent out from headquarters to the society members bore this notation:

"Every Pacific Coast engine will be spotted for photos with due regard to sun, etc."

That was an invitation to cameras, and Slevin, of course, took his.

It's possible he'll show you a print or two if you drop into his shop. It's on Ocean avenue, south side, half-way between Lincoln and Dolores streets. Has junk in the windows, and he buys old umbrellas, "in good condition."

village atmosphere and lamented the fact that in new business building conformity to the old Carmel tradition had sometimes been forgotten.

W. J. Crabbe, president of the peninsula Community Chest, spoke on the purposes and plans of the organization.

At the meeting of the directors of the association the matter of cleaner business streets was discussed, but the thought was expressed that since the complaint of THE CYMBAL in this matter the situation was considerably better. However, the subject will not be dropped and efforts will be made in the near future to get the city to do the cleaning job oftener and more thoroughly.

No consideration was given to the suggestion that a deputy sheriff be detailed to this section of the county. The members just didn't seem interested.

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Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cole Seares are at home in Carmel following their marriage on September 17 in Atascadero. Mrs. Seares is the former Catherine O'Leary, daughter of Mrs. Mary O'Leary, and the late Daniel Mathias O'Leary.

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Mah Sees Little Hope for China Unless—

Things look pretty black for China unless—

This is according to Dr. N. Wing Mah, instructor in political science at the University of California, who spoke at the Carmel Forum at Sunset Auditorium last week.

The "unless" embraces the possibility of the anti-Japanese nations of the world providing China with adequate equipment and war materials. Otherwise, Dr. Mah says, Japan will have her way in China, taking over five rich provinces in the north and dominating the rest of China.

The doctor readily agrees that Japan has what might be called a justifiable reason for wanting to take possession of as much of China as she can get. Her island empire is far too small to take care of her millions of people. She has to find a place for them and she has naturally turned to the nearest terrain.

But China should not have to provide room for Japan's people, any more than any other part of the globe should, and Dr. Mah feels, with much justice, that his country has a right to the sympathy and consideration of the world. Without it, manifested materially, he sees little chance for China long to stem the Japanese flood.

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Camera Club To Have Field Day

Members of the Carmel Camera Club are going on what Lloyd Weer calls a "field day" this next Sunday at the Seideneck place 11 miles up the valley. Seideneck promises to have a flag out directing the boys off the road to the left.

From what we can gather as to details the boys and girls of the club will take their cameras and shoot things, any number of things, and submit their prints in competition at the next regular meeting of the club November 9. Weer says there's no restriction as to

what can be "shot," the hind end of one of Seideneck's cows, if Seideneck has cows, or a club member taking a shot of one of Seideneck's cows if Seideneck has cows.

And it is possible that some of these next Sunday shots at Seideneck's will be on display for the public when an exhibit of club accomplishments in the camera line will be held at the studio of Johan Hagemeyer the end of this month.

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Dick and Barbara Bare are spending a bit of time off and on in Hollywood these days. They drove down early this week on Security Pictures Corporation business.

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Arthur Hopkins Pays Tribute To Marion

Here's a nice tribute to one George Marion, who happens to be domiciled among us at the present. It is in the current issue of the *Ladies Home Journal*, written by Arthur Hopkins in his "Letters to a Lonely Boy," reminiscent of his highly exciting theatrical production years.

The opening chapter in this final installment of the series says:

"It was a morning early in spring in London. Poll (Pauline Lord) and I were walking to the theater for our last rehearsal before our widely-heralded opening in Eugene O'Neill's *Anna Christie*. . . With us was George Marion, one of our great character actors who usually was a rock of certainty. On this morning he began forgetting his lines, and his usual good nature was immersed in irritation. Polly wept."

Then, three or four paragraphs farther along, we read this:

"George Marion played *Chris*, the good-natured, slightly inebriated Swedish father of *Anna*. . . At the opening performance he caught the English audience instantly. The backstage fright could be seen lifting and soaring away on smiles of relief and gratitude, gratitude to old George, who, always knew how to start things. From then on there was no doubt."

No doubt!

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Three Nice Jobs Offered by U.S.

This United States government of ours has three or four jobs to offer if you're in the mood. They have lovely names. Just think how swell it would be to sign your John Henry with a "cottonseed technologist" after it or, perhaps, "associate geophysicist" or even "assistant geophysicist." These three bring in \$3,800, \$3,200 and \$2,600 a year, respectively. And with all the literati of Carmel, surely someone here could get the fat job of special agricultural economic writer at \$3,800. Fred Strong at the post office is the man to see if you are interested. He can tell you all about the competitive examinations, when and where.

The United States Civil Service Commission also wants applicants for an examination for Junior Aircraft Instrument Mechanic to fill a vacancy in the Air Service at Coronado. The forms in which you tell what your mother's maiden name was and how much you know about the insides of a Diesel engine, may be obtained from the Secretary, U. S. Board of Civil Service Examiners, Federal Building, San Diego, California; or from the Manager, 12th U. S. Civil Service District, Room 119, Federal Office Building, San Francisco, California. And you'll have to do it right away as the applications must be on file not later than October 26.

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"Tortilla Flat" is out in Modern Library dress now. For 95 cents you can put it in your pocket or by paying a nickel more get one of the larger "dollar" editions. It is getting all too confusing trying to follow the moves of Steinbeckiana publishers. "Tortilla Flat" for 95 cents and the limited edition of "The Red Pony" for \$10 and to top it all "Of Mice and Men" in rehearsal in New York for a late fall opening and Jack Kirkland working on the dramatization of "T. F." in Hollywood. And a group in Hollywood is angling for "In Dubious Battle" for a film story. In the meantime the guy that started all this fuss is fast in his Los Gatos hideout "far from the madding crowd."

"Stupidity of Society" To Blame For Delinquency of Human Beings, Says Tehachapi Trustee

"There is one thing we greatly underestimate," said Mrs. Anna S. Law, speaker at the Wednesday luncheon-meeting of the Monterey County League of Women Voters, "and that is the stupidity of Society." First we allow the child of unfit parents to be born, then allow it to grow up in an underprivileged environment. The child has normal wants and desires and if no other means are present, steals and becomes a "delinquent." He is sentenced to the reform school or detention home, which is usually a prison rather than a corrective institution, is then pushed out into his mal-adjusted place in society, becomes a second offender, and is sentenced to a penitentiary, or if a woman, to the Women's Institute at Tehachapi. Here at last, the State, which has practically ignored the offender until he becomes a charge, spends great sums of money for rehabilitation. Up to that time all pleas for sterilization of the unfit, proper recreational facilities, intelligent, corrective and vocational guidance institutions are put aside as costing too much of the taxpayers' money. As a member of the board of trustees of Tehachapi, Mrs. Law states with authority that in "many, many cases the offender is developed by the stupidity of Society."

The speaker traced an interesting history in the development of the Women's Institute. Somewhere back in 1917 the League first felt the need for a separate institution for women which would give training for future life rather than just impose a penalty for infractions against society. A home was established in Sonoma County which lasted for two years and housed only misdemeanor offenders and no felons. With a lack of state support, inexperienced management and a fire which finally destroyed the building this project went up in smoke, but the idea remained in the minds of many active workers.

About three years ago a bill was passed in the State for the establishment of the California Institute for Women at Tehachapi and a board of trustees of three women and two men was appointed. A technicality prohibited women who had been sentenced to prison from being transferred to the Institute and it was necessary to introduce a bill re-naming it the Female Branch of San Quentin under the directorship of the Prison Board and Warden Court Smith, where it remained until last November.

SMITH'S SERVICE INVALUABLE

Despite many things for which this particular administration has been criticized, Mrs. Law feels that the excellent business foundation which Smith laid down was invaluable. He was able, with convict labor, to construct many of the buildings and establish a fine working administration.

Last November the 21st constitutional amendment which legalized the original set-up and re-established the first board of trustees was passed. Mrs. Law was chosen for membership on the board from a list sent in by the League of Women Voters. Mrs. Florence Monahan, a woman with a great deal of experience in like institutions, an attorney and a former instructor in Sociology at the University of Michigan, was appointed superintendent. In eight months' time she has worked out a system which is revolutionary in California penal history. The inmates are helped in as many ways as possible to adjust themselves in a normal, wholesome

way for living in the outside world. The change has been from cell existence to dormitory life, from a curriculum of reading and needlework to one covering the entire management of the housekeeping, kitchen, laundry, truck farm, dairy, orchard and even a semi-weekly newspaper, *The Clarion*. One of the more recent experiments was a County Fair held in the grounds just for the inmates, with exhibits and prizes and all the things that go with a gala celebration, including paper exchange "money" to the amount of \$2.50 for each girl. The reactions observed from this wholesome activity indicate a decided improvement in morale, giving the girls something to talk about other than their past "records."

DENIES "CODDLING"

Mrs. Law refuted the idea that these women are being "coddled." Strict discipline is maintained at all times and the greatest penalty, the loss of liberty, is certainly theirs. The board is working on scientific premises, not sentimental ones.

As a final message, Mrs. Law spoke in behalf of the Parole System. "There is absolutely nothing to indicate that if a girl commits an offense under parole she would not have committed the same offense after she had served the full term." Under the parole system the girl must have a position on the outside which will insure her a self-respecting wage. She is under the supervision of the parole officer and under the custody of some outside person. Under the other system she is released with a new dress and \$5. Unless she has other means or friends, she has a slim chance of readjusting herself normally. The proportion of violators is very small but they are news which means they are the ones you hear about, not the ones who have already gone into the melting pot of a normal existence.

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SUNSET SCHOOL NEWS

Anna Marie Baer, faculty advisor for the school newspaper, *Sunset Glow*, has announced the following student staff for the publication: Howard Levinson, editor; Marilyn Strausburger, assistant editor; Margot Coffin, chief reporter; William Lange, June Petty, Patty Ann Ryland, Laurel Bixler, art committee; Tommy Berry, mimeograph, and William Lange, stencil.

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A play on the theme of Fire Prevention was presented by the Second Grade in last week's assembly.

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A long, neat row of bicycles on the north wall of the north wing and extending out to the sidewalk is the result of a new ruling designed to present a more attractive exterior and prevent damage to the vehicles. Like a row of prancing chargers with ears lifted to catch the sound of the masters' feet, these two-wheeled carriers stand waiting.

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WAS IT YOU?

NUMBER 6

With a gentle rain pattering outside it was just the kind of an afternoon to be enjoying the pleasant reading room of the public library. So you were there, just how long we can't say, but we can vouch for your presence from about 2:30 to 3:10 yesterday afternoon. When we first noticed you, you were sitting at the table toward the rear of the room, that table with a row of books on it near the right-hand wall. After a while you went forward and sat down with your back to the big front window at the end of the reading table. The magazine you then studiously perused was one of the art publications but we couldn't see which one you must have found it particularly interesting because you made numerous notes with a yellow pencil. We could identify you with two one-syllable words, both beginning with "b," but that would be almost as good as giving your name, which we happen to know! So we'll just say you had on a gray sweater.

If you were this person, bring this paper into THE CYMBAL office and we'll give you a dollar bill.

Dorothy Kirk, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Neil Bosworth, won last week's dollar. The scarf she wore, the words on which we couldn't read, was a King Edward VIII farewell scarf and the words were what he said it in.

+

WOMRATH LENDING LIBRARY VISITING IN CARMEL

The Womrath Lending Library is in Carmel. That is, Mr. and Mrs. William Womrath of New York and Southport, Connecticut, are here—at La Playa for an extended visit. If you've ever been to New York you know that you can't walk its streets very far in any direction without running onto a Womrath Lending Library. There are, in fact, 63 of them in that city alone, as well as scores of others in other states along the Atlantic seaboard.

Scouts Perform Big Sur Duty

Eight Carmel Boy Scouts from troop 86 are proudly exhibiting Camporal emblems given them by Scout Executive Alfred Young in recognition of the services at the Big Sur Scout Meet last week-end. The eight boys formed a patrol and joined with the other Peninsula patrols in police, guiding and maintenance work to assist in receiving the 200 boys from Northern California who got together over Saturday and Sunday in the State Park.

The Carmel boys were directed by Senior Patrol Leader Homer Levinson. The patrol included DeWitt Appleton, Robert Barbour, Gordon Ewig, Bob Froli, Hugh Gottfried, Arthur Jones, Howard Levinson and Jimmy Welsh.

+

Ethel Crafts of New York is stopping at Forest Lodge on her western vacation trip.

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

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CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Following is the average weekly
net paid circulation of THE CYM-
BAL for the past six
months:

April	609
May	647
June	677
July	809
August	760
September	717

The September average weekly
net paid circulation of THE CYM-
BAL of 535 in the Carmel area
(Carmel, Carmel Highlands and
Pebble Beach) is far in excess of
that of any other Carmel news-
paper.

Personalities & Personals

Mrs. J. Howell Byrnes of Los
Angeles is visiting Mrs. L. E. Gott-
fried this week-end. Mrs. Byrnes
and her husband, Howell, are well
known in Carmel, having lived
here for several years up until 1933.Irene Alexander is back in town,
reticently admitting on persistent
questioning that the play on which
she and Vincent Duffy collaborated
and wrote in Carmel last year has
been accepted for production on
Broadway.Mrs. Ruth Kearley, from Phoe-
nix, Arizona, is now in charge of
Paul Ruthling's Aztec Shop on
Ocean avenue. Bert Olwen, who
has been running the shop for the
past few months, and Mrs. Olwen,
have left Carmel for Mexico.Irving Gunderson was in town
for a few days this week, staying
at the Anderson home on The
Point. Irv and Gladys Steele Gun-
derson recently moved to San Fran-
cisco from Carmel and have an
apartment on Saturn street.Grant Wallace came down from
Berkeley the first part of the week
to attend to some business here.
Mrs. Wallace and Kevin are in the
university town where Kevin is
now a junior at "Cal."

The Worswicks, Anita and Dra-

WE RENTED OUR HOUSE

A True Story

By FRANK TOWNSEND

We had some "lovely people" in
our home this summer. They were
the agent's personal friends and
they had a "lovely home" of their
own in the Sacramento Valley. Oh
yes, they had two little boys, but
they were "darling children" and,
of course, they had a governess.
The agent was especially anxious
for "them" to have "our home."
"They" were such wonderful ten-
ants.Of course we couldn't refuse
such a wonderful opportunity to
make a few "summer dollars" and
who could tell, we might some day
take pleasure in boasting that "so-
and-so" slept in one of our beds?
It was a real pleasure to prepare for
their entrance. We washed all the
windows, cleaned the rugs, polish-
ed the floors, polished the furni-
ture, placed large bouquets of flow-
ers about with great care, laid the
fire in the fireplace, filled the wood
basket and placed ash trays with
cigarettes and matches in conven-
ient spots so that the "lovely peo-
ple" would not feel that they were
camping out in our old, but com-
fortable home. We neglected to
have a cold supper for them but the
"lovely people" were very nice
about it and accepted our apology
graciously.The day of arrival came. Exit
my family. Enter our "wonderful
tenants." I remained as gardener
so that the tenants would have an
ample supply of flowers throughout
their stay. Two days later I ap-
peared to water the lawn.I heard joyful screaming at the
side of the house where we have a
swing and rings for our own chil-
dren to play with. I went to watch
the "darling children" at play. One
little red-headed fellow was march-
ing along, stooping over and toss-
ing dust over his head while the
other little red-headed fellow was
following close behind to get theper, are back in their house on The
Point for the month of October.
The couple make their home in San
Jose most of the year but manage
to spend a good month or so on the
shores of Carmel Bay.John and Carol Steinbeck were
in town over last Saturday and
Sunday. They came down from
Los Gatos to be at the anniversary
dinner for Mrs. M. M. Gragg in
Monterey Saturday night and spent
the rest of the time going around
visiting their many friends here.Mrs. Mark Rifembark and Mrs.
Fred Ryan of San Jose drove down
to Carmel last Wednesday to visit
with Mrs. Rifembark's daughter,
Mrs. Rex Flaherty. Mrs. Flaherty
drove back to San Jose with them
yesterday and will spend the week-
end in her former home.Miss Ellen Brown has returned
from a visit with her aunt in Palo
Alto. She attended the Stanford-
U.C.L.A. game, after which she
helped her Stanford friends cele-
brate their victory at the Mark
Hopkins in San Francisco.Mr. and Mrs. T. Suffern Tailer
are staying at Cypress Point Coun-
try Club for a short time. The
Tailer's have recently been in Ha-
waii where Mr. Tailer broke the
course record in Honolulu to add
to his fine record as an amateur
golfer.A group of friends will gather at
Forest Lodge with the Baldwin Mc-
Gaws for a supper party after the
performance of "Mary of Scotland"
at the Filmarte Saturday night.

full benefit of the dust.

"What kind of a game is that?"
I inquired."We are playing dust storm.
Get out of the way or you'll get in
the storm," said the older of the
two.I laughed and returned to my
gardening. The next time I return-
ed to water the garden I saw parts
of a stove scattered all over the yard
and the flowers were tramped
down. I didn't know what sort of
a game that was, but I suggested
to the agent that it would be easier
for me to keep the "lovely people"
in flowers if the plants were per-
mitted to grow.My complaint came back at me.
I should have known better than to
complain about such "lovely peo-
ple." Later when I was working in
a flower garden I heard from an
open window, "Look at that guy,
HE steps on the garden." I felt
very sheepish and guilty and I
walked around the side of the
house to leave by the back way and
there I saw the "governess" using
our wood.It was then that I made my next
terrible mistake. I spoke of the
wood-stealing to the agent and sug-
gested that the "lovely people" buy
their own wood. I see now that I
shouldn't have been so tight. After
all what's a little wood.It was then that our tenants de-
cided to play a new game. It is
something like monopoly—you
must have a house to play with.
First you invite your friends to stay
with you. They must have chil-
dren, preferably little boys. The
game starts outside. The idea is to
do as much damage as you can and
still leave the house standing.You smash all the chairs in the
patio, then you run around the
house without using the paths. If
you step on a walk your Great Un-
cle dies. You must run through the
garden and strew papers, tin cans,
bottles and other debris about.The grill is base. You can only
break the table legs in the grill.
Then all of the players rush into
the house and the first one to smash
two windows gets ten points. A
light globe only counts two points.
You are limited to seven glasses and
six plates; but you can make all the
pencil marks all around the walls
that you want to, and if you cover
all the walls you get fifteen points.
Then if you have a jackknife you
can carve the wooden walls and get
six points for each cut. You can do
away with all the extension cords
and table runners and one garden
hose. In the end you move all of
the furniture about and mix it up
so that the house looks as bad as
possible. There is only one restric-
tion in moving the furniture—you
must move the twin beds side by
side or the rest of the moves don't
count.It's a grand game. We have had
more fun trying to find everything
and put it back in its right place.
It's been two months now since the
"lovely people" stopped playing
and we haven't found everything
yet. Our tenants liked so much to
play it in our house that they
wouldn't leave when their time was
up. I had to put them out and they
were such "lovely people."Aren't you tired
of the same
old things?BUSSEY'S FURNITURE
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DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Excitement ran high in the
George Macbeth family one day
last week when Donaldbain "Wis-
key" Macbeth disappeared from
home. His young master, Scottie,
had scoured the neighborhood for
"Wiskey," but he was nowhere to
be found. Mrs. Macbeth was in
tears. In desperation George Mac-
beth dashed down to THE CYMBAL
office to place an ad in the paper to
locate Wiskey. Throughout all the
excitement Wiskey's guardian-by-
adoption, Bonny Smith, remained
completely calm and completely in-
different.Several hours later the prodigal
appeared, very tired, very bedrag-
gled, dragging a large bone behind
him—he had simply been foraging,
he said.(Incidentally, THE CYMBAL pub-
lishes ads to locate missing pets free
of charge.)Harlequin Sampson (otherwise
known as Pinky-Poo) has been ad-
venturing again—but this time with
his mistress, Mrs. Mabel Sampson.
They went up to Lake Tahoe for a
visit. "Harlie" was very glad he
wore his heavy white fur coat be-
cause they ran into a snow storm.
He says the only edge the Sierras
have over Carmel is that the pine
trees are bigger.The reason that Miss Colleen
Beers is carrying her aristocratic
nose at such an angle these days is
that she is having portrait sittings
at Ellen Brown's studio. Colleen
is one of the village's loveliest belles
and should make a charming study.The latest addition to the Paul
Mays establishment is a Briard
puppy named "Hoover." The
youngster is a son of Madame Pan-tuche Lockwood, by a most indis-
creet marriage. Madame Pantuche
is a frequent visitor here as is her
daughter, Mademoiselle Rennes,
half-sister to Hoover by a former
(and more discreet) marriage. Mr.
Mays named the puppy Hoover be-
cause of the way he goes over the
rugs, he said.Monte Hudgins is wearing that
big grin because his master, Capt.
Pat Hudgins, is home again after a
trip abroad. Monte's only regret is
that he can no longer sleep on the
living room couch.Lady Gardinia Hall is valiantly
attempting to console her mistress,
Mrs. Nanette Hall, over the loss of
the little Maltese terrier's sister,
Lady Daphne, who was the tragic
victim of an automobile accident.
Lady Gardinia has been residing in
San Francisco, but now plans to
remain here permanently. She will
be a charming addition to the car-
nine younger set.If...
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THIS THING AND THAT

Draw up, children, while we consider the Basket. No, Hezibel, you do not know all about the Basket.

There is a Basket which is a boat, round and covered with tar; Herodotus tells us that old-timers on the Tigris and Euphrates paddled about in such a boat. Yes, Ezra, that was a long time before the Queen Mary was built. In India these Basket Boats are still used.

You think the Basket is something that holds things. There are Bottomless Baskets, Baskets whose sole purpose is to let what you put in fall out again. For example, the white cord net with a hole in the bottom, through which romping young men in the Spring shoot a resinous leather spheroid. This, my children, is also a Basket.

For your next field assignment you may go to the Presidio and look for a nice soldier with a kind face to tell you about that other Bottomless Basket, the military gabion.

Now, my little upstarts, do you still suppose you know all? You have met in the course of ridiculously brief lives, the Bird Basket, the Sewing Basket, the Lunch Basket, and father's Wire Office Basket. For great-aunt Euphemia's birthdays you construct purple and red Raffia Baskets; occasionally on a Sabbath you may encounter the Alma Basket. On holidays you play at Fruit Basket, with persons who scramble themselves over furniture and rugs, and when hungry you utter complaining noises about the empty state of what you vulgarly call your Bread Basket.

But when, my pretty ignoramus, have you met the Basket Cell, an unobtrusive item in your own insignificant cerebelli, whose axicylinder processes pass inward and end in a network around the cells of Purkinje? Do you know the sea-spider or Basket Fish, an ophiuran, believe it or not, of the group Euryalida? Have you tried on your tender larynxes the Basket Grass tur-

key beard crophyllum asphodeloides?

Should the constable step up to you and roar, "Go to the Basket!" would you run for all you're worth, since what he really means is go to prison?

The dog called the Basket Beagle chases the Basket Hare; the Basket Fern is the male fern; the Basket Oak is a cow oak. The Basket Hoop is not what you think at all. It has nothing to do with a colonial lady's petticoats but is only an aromatic West Indian shrub. And Basket, too, is the cage you ride in when you go up in a balloon—provided, of course, that you do go up in a balloon.

Vast and seamless Time takes cognizance of Baskets. It carries in its eternal tomb a Period of Basket Makers. These were people who got along without any pottery about 1000 to 500 B.C.

If your self-esteem is sufficiently deflated, this will be all for today.

No, Doris, Basket is not related to biscuit. No, basketish does not mean like a basket; it comes from Basque, a kind of Spanish for your grandmother's shirtwaist. What did you say, Hermann? Basquette? No; that is an old French card game. Why, Hezibel, what is this? Certainly not; Basket has nothing to do with Mr. Willard K. Bassett. Oh, I see. All you have to do is move a K a quarter of an inch and you get Mr. Willard Bassket. Hezibel, that is entirely irrelevant; throw it in the Waste Basket as you go out.

That is all for today. Run home quickly, children, and see whether you have put all your eggs in one Basket. Nothing more quickly leads to disaster. Here is your memory verse for tomorrow:

An incautious young hen of Nan-tasket
Laid all of her eggs in one Basket.
"Will it make a big mess
"If I step on them thus?"
"How," cackled the hen, "can
Youasket?"

—EDITH FRUSSIE

Here's Something for Carmel's Chess Fanatics To Put in Their Hearts

In the very lovely Irish story, "The Need We Have," by A. Hamilton Gibbs, we came across the following delightful description of the game of chess. We thought, as we read it, of By Ford, Paul Whitman and the dozen or more other half-crazed Carmel prominent who have created and are still creating chess widows. We dedicate it to them for the joy they must surely get out of it; we dedicate it to the widows as balm for their sting of loneliness.

The doctor was teaching Dinny to play chess. "Boy," he said, and he with long delicate fingers setting up the pieces one by one while Dinny watched as though at a puppet show, "you may never have heard of the game, but 'tis not simply a gift I'm making you, 'tis an initiation. You can take it from me that when Ireland was still wrapped in the mists with no one on her but a horde of savages living in caves, it was being played by great emperors of China and shahs of Persia and by all the caliphs who ravaged Arabia and Turkey and India. 'Tis the oldest game in the world, and the finest, and its great players today constitute, in the Greek sense of the word, an aristocracy—and more than that, a brotherhood. It's my opinion that a good chess player has

the key of the world in his pocket. It doesn't matter if he is ignorant of all the spoken languages there are, there's no race on the whole map of the planet won't take him in once his chessmen have spoken for him. And the reason is that chess is life. Not only are there kings and queens and knights and commoners and priests, the elements of all society, but the game engenders all the virtues and vices of society. It may be said that war through all ages has been, and is still, the favorite vice—and here it is on the board, bitter, ruthless, bloody. Don't ever join up for a soldier, Dinny! Don't let them fool you! 'Tis the last resort of the brainless! The virtues are represented by obedience to orders, unity of purpose, the pure use of the mind, the practice of concentration, and, on the board, by the loyalty, blind and misguided if you like, of all the subjects for their king, by the dashing of one piece to the rescue of another even if his own death is certain—and could you ask any more of us than that? Then there are the subtleties of life—the patient occupation of one position while you build up slowly, carefully, trying to strengthen and improve that position against pressure from outside, the pressure of the constant threat of ruin which is man's eternal fear

THINGS TO COME



MOTION PICTURES

Filmarte. Monte Verde between Eighth and Ninth. Two performances at 7 and 9. Matinees Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday at 2:30. Tonight, William Powell and Carole Lombard in "My Man Godfrey" and "Love Letters of a Star." Saturday, Stage presentation, Baldwin McGaw and Emma Knox in "Mary of Scotland." Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, Preston Foster and Jean Muir in Bret Harte's "Outcasts of Poker Flat." Wednesday and Thursday, Will Rogers in "Doctor Bull."

Carmel Theatre. Ocean and Mission. Tonight, Alice Faye and Don Ameche in "You Can't Have Everything." Saturday, Fred Stone and Marjorie Lord in "Hideaway" and Clark Gable and Myrna Loy in "Manhattan Melodrama." Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, Robert Taylor and Mary Boland in "Marry the Girl." Thursday and Friday, Francis Lederer and Madeleine Carroll in "It's All Yours" and Donald

and at the same time the spur that drives him to action, even though, by his lack of judgment, that very action may bring about his downfall. And then too, there's the offering up of a humble pawn, called in this game a gambit, which is the equivalent of man's dirty-minded cowardice in always offering up a scapegoat when he is cornered. Politically you'll see it every day. In what's called big business it's a common practice; and in religion how have we appeased the gods except by eternal sacrifice—animals, virgins, war prisoners, and so on right up to our nailing Jesus Christ on to the cross of wood? Ah, Dinny, my boy, we're the grand lot, as you'll find! And there's another point in this game which only the lucky ones of us find to be true, and it is this: you'll note that the queen is the only female here. But she symbolizes all women, and, in her relationship to her man, exemplifies the perfect love. Without her the king would be licked from the drop of the hat; but you'll be seeing how throughout the game she goes out and fights for him, risking the peril of saucy knights and the slippery sideways long range attack of the church as represented by these bishops. Mostly, whether or not he'd admit it, 'tis she wins the game for him. And if she gets killed and the old king is left, 'tis only by the grace of God and what she did for him before she died that he can ever win out. In everyday life there are a few honest ones here and there for the finding who will grant the truth of that; not the little men who elbow and kick for power and position whether in government or business, but the quiet men, poked away in corners, all over the world, in villages like this one or towns eight times the size of Dublin, who are able to recognize beauty."

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DRAMA

Golden Bough Green Room. Saturday and Sunday, October 30 and 31. "By Candlelight," a Ted Kuster production, San Francisco cast. Tickets at Staniford's.

Filmarte. Baldwin McGaw and Emma Knox begin their winter series of playreadings with "Mary of Scotland," Saturday, October 16 at 8:15.

ADULT EDUCATION

Pottery and Woodwork. Sunset School Shop. Mondays 7 to 9 p.m. Dressmaking and Homemaking. Sunset School lunch room, Wednesdays, 2:30 to 4:30 p.m. Rhythmic Exercises, Sunset School Gymnasium, Mondays, 7:15 to 9:15 p.m. Diction, Voice and Effective Reading, Mondays, 7:15 to 9:15 p.m., Art Room. Psychology of Everyday Living, Mondays, 7:30 to 9:15 p.m., Third Grade room. Spanish, Mondays, 7:15 to 9:15 p.m., Second Grade room. Americanization, Mondays, 7:15 to 9:15 p.m., Third and Fourth Grade room downstairs. Classes in book-binding, Life Drawing, Portrait drawing, Commercial work, Shop, Music, Recreation and Swimming at Monterey Union High School. For further information call Monterey 6980. No entrance fee.

MARIONETTE THEATER

John and Mitz's Marionette and Dance Studio. Mountain View at Eighth, across from the Forest Theater. Performances Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday at 8 p.m. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Phone Carmel 728 for reservations.

ART CLASSES

Sketch classes every Monday evening 7:30 to 9:30 at Stove Pipe Shack in back of the Carmel Art Association Gallery on Dolores between Fifth and Sixth. No instruction. No visitors. Anyone interested in two hours sketching from a model is invited to the sessions.

SHAKESPEAREAN READING

Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock at La Ribera Hotel. Group readings of Shakespearean plays, act by act, with a final reading. Visitors and readers welcome. A fee of 10 cents is made to defray expenses. The play now being read is "Twelfth Night."

CAMERA CLUB

Meets the second Tuesday in every month at Pine Inn. Any camera addict should be interested in the group work. See Peter Burk at Carmel Drug or Lloyd Weer at the P. G. & E. office.

POLO

At Del Monte Polo Fields every

Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday at 3 o'clock. Open to the public without charge until December 1.

CHESS

Regular meeting of the Chess Club tonight at 8 o'clock at the Manzanita Club on Dolores street. All interested in the game are invited to join.

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COME AND GET IT!

A Column About
Eating and Eaters

In case you'd forgotten that winter is approaching, the Purity Stores bulletin reminds you in no uncertain terms: "Winter is on the way!" shout the snow-capped letters, "ARE YOU PREPARED? IS YOUR PANTRY WELL STOCKED FOR THE WINTER? It's good Judgment to Look Ahead and Anticipate Your Food Needs. Rain, Snow and Ice will make it Difficult for those Living at great Distance from Town to come in and Shop. BUY YOUR WINTER FOOD NEEDS NOW!"

Oh dear, there isn't any pantry in this house so I guess we'll have to plow through the drifts to Ocean avenue and get our winter food needs the same as we did last year—about an hour before meal time.

I tried a new cake recipe the other day and made a chocolate layer cake that looked just the way they do in the advertisements—that rich, dark brown frosting! The S. M. M., who doesn't care for cake as a rule, was so impressed that he demanded a large slice. Alas, how deceiving looks can be! After the first forkful came the disgusted verdict: "The cake part is dry and the frosting sticks to the roof of my mouth! Why don't you make your own good cake rule?"

I don't mind admitting that this was a blow. Why the cake should be dry when it had half a cup of shortening in it I can't imagine, nor just why that elegant "soft chocolate frosting" which sounded so good in the recipe, should stick to the roof of the mouth! But, unfortunately, he was right on both counts. I guess I might as well keep to my old safe recipe which comes out tender and moist, and what's more, does it without the aid of any butter at all! . . . Just the same I'm not to be discouraged from experimenting by a flop or two.

One of the neatest and most useful little chopping gadgets is a round glass jar onto which screws an efficient nut grinder. It's awfully handy to keep around when you want a few chopped nuts to sprinkle on salad, or in cream cheese sandwiches or on top of a cake icing. One style of this chopper costs 70 cents, another a bit more ornamental, but no more useful mechanically that I could see, costs a dollar. These were both in Holman's fascinating kitchen utensil department.

The Y. M. of our family has a passion for applesauce and an equally strong aversion to lumps in it. I used to cook apples with the peel on, to save time, and then rub them through a strainer. But I never did like the taste and still less did I like that messy job of straining them. Then I discovered that actually I could save time by peeling the apples first, getting all the cores out and then giving them, when cooked and while still hot, a brisk treatment with the electric beater. Cleaning the beater, I might say, takes only a tenth of the time it used to require to scrub a wire strainer which has had apple mashed through it. Beating makes lovely smooth applesauce!

And when you're making applesauce it's not a bad idea to save out a cupful of it, because a good applesauce cake is—well, is a good applesauce cake! Takes no eggs or

milk, either, which is sometimes quite a consideration. The Boston Cook Book rule is easy to make and less expensive than others I've come across: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter creamed with 1 cup sugar; 1 tsp. soda stirred into 1 cup cold apple sauce and added to butter and sugar; 1 tsp. cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. powdered clove, 2 cups flour; 1 cup raisins and nuts cut up. This is the kind of cake that is still good and moist after a couple of days—if it isn't eaten by that time. A butter frosting seems to go particularly well with it.

Speaking of apples, did you know that you can get Brown Betty in a can? Takes only a few minutes to warm it up and with a hard sauce, or whatever kind you prefer, makes a delicious, quick dessert. Costs only 10 cents and is enough for three, but better for two! I haven't done any economic research on this one to find out how many of our nine groceries carry it but I do happen to know that you can buy Brown Betty at Leidig's Market, which certainly stocks an unusually large variety of canned foods.

Just before lunch on a nice crisp morning when you're getting good and hungry is the ideal time to study a cookbook. Astonishing how fascinating it is then, the very same volume whose pages you turned with a bored hand immediately after dinner. You see dozens of mouth-watering recipes and you begin to think planning meals is fun; you read on and on—and before you know it, it's so late and you're so hungry that you just grab anything for lunch. Afterwards other things come along as usual and finally, when you're ordering food for dinner, you can't remember any of the delicious recipes. There wouldn't be time to prepare them, anyhow, so you just decide: "Oh well, might as well have meat balls again." And there you are in the same old rut.

What I'm leading up to, however, was "The Continental Cook Book, One Thousand and one Recipes of European Tradition" which I found on our public library shelves and have been browsing about in. I've decided, after much browsing, that it's unlikely to have any special effect on my kitchen career—at least, not till I've become a bit more versed in plain American cooking. But it's interesting just to compare this work with our own cookbooks. The first, most obvious difference that strikes you is the fact that the European housewife is resigned to spending more time preparing food than we do. And instead of writing the recipes so you can see at a glance what ingredients you need, their directions start in and tell you what to do, taking the ingredients as they come along in the process. So that you have to read the whole story to the end before you can even decide whether you have the necessary materials on hand—or can afford them. The whole book has the appearance of a volume of essays which, in a manner of speaking, it almost seems to be.

There are titles to these essays you seldom see among American recipes and which appeal to the imagination even if they don't always arouse any desire to try to follow the directions involved: such delightful dishes as Soup with Filled Pockets, Smelts Twisted and Stuffed, Kieler Sproten (they're in the

fish section is all I know about them!), Frog's Legs Poulette, Doughnuts with Filling of Calf's Brains, Cabbage Doughnuts (on the whole, I think the good old plain American cruller or cake doughnut will do me), Cold Glazed Duck on Socle, Stuffed Goose Neck, Puree of Goose Liver in Aspic, Strudel dough (and you ought to read how you have to walk around the kitchen table in the process of making that!), Saddle of Venison Made of Bisquit with Chocolate Filling (even with my passion for chocolate I can't quite imagine that combination!), Fried Roses, Stirred Linzer Tart, Hussar Tartlets, Filled Linzer Wreaths, Ducat Noodles, Potato Cookies, Napoleon Strudel . . . well, you get the idea! . . . If I ever graduated out of the Continental Cook Book I wouldn't hesitate to claim I was no longer a plain cook, at least in one sense of the word.

Well, what do you know about this? In a cake table of 15 varieties which Dr. Chase gives in his famous recipe book I find one called "Cymbals"! Anyone like to try it? I can give you the ingredients but no directions for combining them: 2 lbs. flour, 8 oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, 6 eggs, rose-water and a little spice. You said it, Doctor, they wouldn't be Cymbals without a little spice! —CONSTANT EATER

Here's A Letter To Cub Parents

Dear Cub Parents:

The object of this letter is to urge both fathers and mothers of Cubs, or prospective Cubs, to attend a lecture and get-together party at the American Legion Hall, Post 512, Carmel, at 7:45 p.m. on Monday, October 18.

The lecturer will be Al Young, Deputy Commissioner of the Monterey Bay Area Council, and he will confine himself to a condensed course on "Cubbing." This course is recommended by Boy Scouts of America and is founded on modern education and how to handle young boys in groups, also touching on their natural urges and what they want.

The Cub movement in Carmel wants your help and cooperation. We are well equipped with man power, Scouts for Den Chiefs; Scout House for Cub Pack meetings and the finances are O.K. But we do need a cheering section of parents and a few Cub Mothers.

Please make every effort to come to this lecture and bring with you any of your friends that are interested in young boys. There is absolutely no charge nor will any reference be made to finances.

There are more than eighty boys in Carmel in the ages of nine, ten and eleven that want "cubbing" and a good Cub Pack strengthens the whole Boy Scout program and movement.

Yours sincerely,
HERMANN S. CROSSMAN
Commissioner Carmel District
Oct. 12, 1937

Mr. and Mrs. George Wishart and son, William, returned yesterday from a trip which reached as far as Vancouver, British Columbia.

Captain and Mrs. Pat Hudgins have returned to their Carmel home after an extended trip through Europe.

Jimmie Doud, looking the glass of fashion and mold of form as usual, is up from Santa Barbara for a few days.

Engagement Of McGaw-Knox Anticipated

Carmel will again welcome Baldwin McGaw and Emma Knox when they return tomorrow evening on the stage of the Filmarite Theater to present a reading of Maxwell Anderson's histo-romantic "Mary of Scotland." The 1937-38 winter series which the McGaws will give here is not available in list form at the present time due to the late openings in New York and the difficulty of getting certain plays. A list of possibilities from which McGaw feels that they will choose at least two plays includes Maxwell Anderson's "The Star-Wagon," written for Burgess Meredith and Lillian Gish; "George and Margaret" by Gerald Savoy, which has just opened in New York after a successful London season; "The Silent Knight," adapted into verse by Humbert Wolfe and starring Diana Wynyard; "Charlotte Corday" by Helen Jerome; the Thomas Job dramatization of Anthony Trollope's "Barchester Towers," starring Ina Claire; S. N. Behrman's "Wine of Choice"; "The Ghost of Yankee Doodle" by Sidney Coe Howard, and "French Without Tears" by Terrence Rattigan.

Emma Knox will read Katherine Cornell's lines in the Anderson play, "Wingless Victory," some time during the series.

The couple at the present time are conducting a drama school at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco. They have devoted their time to the theater, radio, teaching and the presentation of dramatic readings for the past few years. Both are graduates of the University of California where they were active in Thespian affairs and where McGaw was director of the Little Theater for one year. Following that he was director of the Community Playhouse in San Francisco.

and also of the famous Mt. Tamalpais annual pageants.

Tickets for the series of six plays are \$5 or \$1.10 for single admission. The season ticket books may be used all in one group for a theater party or one ticket for each evening so if you miss one of the plays you can take someone along the next time. Laura Diersen is sponsoring the series and a great many Peninsula people have already taken seats for the series.

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Reports Made By Red Cross

The quarterly meeting of the year of Carmel Chapter American Red Cross governing board was held at Community Church Wednesday afternoon.

At this meeting, Chairman C. W. Lee appointed a nominating committee to present the names of members to be elected at the annual meeting of the chapter which will be held the first Wednesday in December. One-third of the board members retire each year.

Chairmen of the various active committees submitted their reports and the chapter was found to have been most active during the past year. Mrs. Karl Rendtorff, chairman of the committee on revision of constitution and by-laws, made an interesting report and the revisions were passed on to the annual meeting of the membership for final approval.

Report was made by Chairman Lee on Roll Call progress and he gave an outline of meetings for organization. Next Monday the Advance Subscription Committee, under the leadership of J. L. Cockburn, will meet at headquarters and its work for the campaign scheduled.

Friday afternoon, November 5, Mrs. S. A. Trevett, general campaign chairman, will give a tea at her home in Hatton Fields for the personnel of the district organization. At this time prospect lists will be distributed and territory assigned.

Miss Florence Curtin, district chairman, has been most active during the past two weeks perfecting this branch of the Roll Call organization. Prior to the opening of the campaign, E. H. Ewig, chairman of the business district, will assign his workers their duties. A sustained effort will be made to make the business establishments come through with a membership 100 per cent strong. Eight hundred memberships is the goal for the Carmel District. This accomplishment should keep the local chapter at the head of the California chapters, as it has been for the past three years.

Carmel Chapter conducts its own campaign and is not identified with Community Chest.

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JANIE OTTO MAKES SOME UNINTENDED PROPHECY

Janie Otto's column "Village News" in last Saturday's Peninsula Herald was good, it was darn good and the funny part of it all is that it really was better than that. Not funny that Janie writes as well as she does, but funny because what read like a beautiful summing up of the art reviews of the October show at the Carmel Art Association Gallery (all four of them) was really prophetic. Janie wrote the story and turned it in long before she read artist-editor Bill Irwin's constructive but self-effacing comments in *The Californian*, long before Virginia Scardigli had written her "VERY honest" review without mentioning the sculpture of her husband, Remo, in *THE CYMBAL*, and Rosalie James, with the freedom of an unattached art critic, generously offered her praises in *The Pine Cone*.

All these things Janie predicted as she sat herself down to her typewriter and they all came true. But her story was printed the day after so no one had the satisfaction of knowing she was a prophet but Janie. Now you know. If you would like to read that article and can't get it any other way, there is a copy in *THE CYMBAL* office.

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When an advertiser wants to reach all Carmel buyers with one coverage, he uses *The Cymbal*.

This Carmel Man Journeys to Hear McAdoo and Gets Converted

Editor of *THE CYMBAL*:

Last Thursday evening I had the pleasure of attending a dinner in Salinas in honor of Senator William G. McAdoo. I say "pleasure" advisedly, for it was indeed a pleasure and, surprise to obtain such a new impression of our junior senator. I do not know what the impression was on the other 200-odd diners, but I can give mine.

Senator McAdoo served in the Wilson administration as Secretary of the Treasury, and has now served as Senator from California for five years. I had always considered him as a suave politician, rather hard-boiled and extremely conservative. That is the impression that has been spread through the hostile newspapers. Strange as it may seem, he is exactly the reverse.

He is an excellent speaker, uses no exaggeration, nor oratorical trickery, speaks in a quiet, cultured voice, yet with sufficient reserve to make his points very emphatic. He talks very simply, using just the right words, and clearly believes thoroughly what he says. While he sprinkled a lot of humor throughout his speech, he set forth his aims and aspirations for California and the nation.

"He is working, and will continue to work, for the irrigation and reclamation projects in California, as he has done in the past. He believes in getting for California its full share of Federal funds, and, as he

put it, he never admits in the Appropriations Committee that California has received anything.

For the nation, he stands strongly for adequate defense, stating that airplane progress had reduced our protecting oceans to mere creeks. He does not believe in war but feels that an adequate defense will prevent other nations from bringing war to us and lend weight to our arguments.

He stated that the President was still much concerned over the economic and social reforms which are essential for the preservation of this country. He believes that the President will devote his remaining three years of office to this work, and he, as Senator, will ably back him up.

I attended this dinner meeting with grave doubts which were not allayed by the useless and altogether silly political outburst of Congressman McGrath, who seemed to think his claim to distinction lay in his ability to dip his hand into the pork barrel. But, although I had made up my mind before McAdoo spoke a word that I would not vote for him no matter what position he was seeking, I came to the conclusion, after his address, that I could not do anything else but support him to the fullest extent. Quite a change, and I do not think I am unusually susceptible to oratory, either. —E. A. H. W.

Ross Burton Says "The Glass Splinter" Jabs At Some Of You

You may have noticed that last week our San Francisco look-seer, Adolph Genthe, rather panned Mary Hay's "The Glass Splinter," now in production by the Wayfarers in their theatre in "The Other Village."

Now comes Ross Burton, whom you know as having had some of his roots in Carmel, and sees in Miss May's play, advertised as dealing with what is "essentially Carmel," something for some of our Carmel people to take for their own good.

We don't pretend to know which of these two reviewers knows best what he is talking about, but we herewith hand you Burton's slightly vitriolic impressions of "The Glass Splinter." As Ross writes it the thing sounds kind of silly to us.

Ross calls the play "a tasty morsel for the tongue-wagger clan of Carmel" and goes on as follows:

"In Carmel there is a social layer of human beings that deserves no name unless the term 'defunct' might be used. If any of the particular individuals in this particular social strata would like particularly to look at themselves in the mirror they have only to dash up to San Francisco and squeeze themselves into a Little Theatre on Clay street, called the Wayfarers', between Polk and Van Ness.

"Mary Hay (come out, come out wherever you are) has written a fast, clever, sophisticated play about Carmel's filthy rich on the loose. If she had left out the plot, which is melodramatic, and the theme, which is sentimental, she would have something. The dialogue and the characterizations are more than good. Some of these characters could walk right off the stage onto Ocean avenue with no trouble at all.

"It is the story of an artist who has been lured to Carmel by the arty, wealthy, mess of a woman who is out to capture and hold this poor weak lover who soon balks because he has met his Cinderella.

Cinderella came to Carmel in her house trailer to visit her brother, and one day in the woods she and the artist fall in love. The brother, who knows the artist for a scoundrel, finds him out and shoots him on the spot. In the meantime the woman with the low-brimmed hat (also in love with the artist) walks off the scene and then off a cliff. Cinderella then offs it to wait for the artist to decide their future. The artist then (all for love) throws all to the wind and, like the Prince of Wales, goes to find his Cinderella, and the story ends.

"In spite of all this it is worth seeing, if only to catch a dramatic glimpse of that part of Carmel at which the play is aimed."

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LA COLLECTA HEARS ABOUT ALASKA MISSIONARIES

La Collecta Club met at the home of Mrs. Myra Ricketts last week. The program for the afternoon included a reading on Alaska Missionaries by Bea Morgan, a resume on Columbus by Mrs. Grace Ricketts and a reading by Mrs. Clara Nixon. Guest of honor for the afternoon was Mrs. Winifred Hollison, former member of the club. Mrs. Clara Beller was honored with the presentation of a large birthday cake. The next meeting of the group will be on Wednesday, October 20, at the home of Mrs. Clara Nixon at Eighth and Dolores.

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Football Game At Monterey Sunday

Just how different professional football is from the amateur game can be seen close to home on Sunday afternoon when the Salinas Iceberg Packers come to the Monterey High School stadium to meet the San Francisco All Stars. The game will start at 2:15 p.m.

Managed by Ed Storm, the Packers last year won the Coast "pro" championship. The San Franciscans are managed by Gill Dowd, ex-San Francisco star.

The game is sponsored by the Monterey Peninsula American Legion post. Tickets may be had from members prior to the game.

Among the 24 players on the Salinas squad will be Johnny Campbell, son of Argyll Campbell. Johnny is a famous forward passer, and was with the Stanford Indians. Storm intends to start him at quarterback.

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Menu at Sunset Next Week

October 18 to 22

MONDAY

Soup—Corn Chowder.
Salad—Carrot and Pineapple.
Hot Dish—Macaroni and cheese.
Vegetable—Harvard Beets.
Dessert—Ice Cream.

TUESDAY

Soup—Scotch Broth.
Salad—Jellied Vegetable.
Hot Dish—Rice a la Creole.
Vegetable—Carrots.
Dessert—Spanish Cream.

WEDNESDAY

Soup—Cream of Tomato.
Salad—Lettuce with Thousand Island Dressing.
Hot Dish—Scalloped Potatoes.
Vegetable—String Beans.
Dessert—Ice Cream.

THURSDAY

Soup—Vegetable.
Salad—Fruit.
Hot Dish—Hash.
Vegetable—Artichokes.
Dessert—Chocolate Tapioca.

FRIDAY

Soup—Cream of Carrot.
Salad—Tomato.
Hot Dish—Candied Sweet Potato.
Vegetable—Spinach.
Dessert—Ice Cream.

And, in addition, milk, fruit, hot rolls, etc., are served daily.

Mrs. Gladys Smits of Lincoln, Nebraska, is visiting with her daughter, Katherine Smits, superintendent of the Peninsula Community Hospital.

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Mr. and Mrs. Angel Elizalde and their guest, Mrs. Rod Moffatt, are moving into the W. W. Wheeler house in Pebble Beach today.

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Women Hear Talk On Recreation By Dr. Learned

Dr. Leslie Learned, retired Episcopal minister, who divides his time between Pasadena and Carmel, was the guest speaker at the Parent-Teacher Association meeting Tuesday afternoon. Dr. Learned was introduced by Miss Clara Kellogg, program chairman. He spoke on the subject of "Recreation and the Development of the Individual." His talk dwelt on the value of recreation to all ages and he spoke with the understanding of a man who has already passed through most of his years. He spoke of Recreation as Rest, Escape from routine, Constructive activity and Restoration of energy and vitality, using the first four letters of the word to point his discussion.

"I don't like people who are always fresh and never get tired out. You ought to work at things until you are fully tired . . . not over-work . . . then, do something else, entirely out of the previous field . . ." An escape from the routine "of rubbing the skin off your nose on the grindstone," a self-building, constructive activity, either physical or mental, according to your likes. With children who do not care a great deal for physical activity, Dr. Learned urges that they be allowed to rest in their own way and then perhaps lured into going outside to keep their bodies built up. For older people Dr. Learned said that he found the greatest joy in being able "to read a little and remember a little of what he has read" so that no day lacks variety.

Mrs. Florence Morrow, school nurse, spoke to the parents on the health program of the school, and Mrs. Guy Walton spoke on Girl Scout activities in Carmel and the need of trained leaders for the troops. Tea was served after the meeting by Mrs. Ernest Morehouse, president. The hostesses for the afternoon were Mrs. C. B. Gorham and Mrs. Floyd Harber.

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FRIDAY NIGHT DANCE CLUB STARTS SEASON OCT. 29 AT ASILOMAR

The Friday Night Club will open its winter dance series a week from next Friday night, October 29, at Merrill Hall at Asilomar. The opening date will be in the form of a Halloween Party and the dances will be held each Friday night thereafter. Mrs. Miriam Watson will act as hostess to the group, which is expected to be made up mostly of young people. Mrs. Watson will also be glad to help the dancers with her knowledge of modern ballroom dancing.

Bob Beach's orchestra will play at the gatherings which are being held in a club form in order to protect the members from any outside or undesirable annoyances.

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Mrs. Donna Beelar of South Carolina is staying at Forest Lodge for an indefinite period.

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Ann Dare Knows a Little Something About Shanghai Mud and Writes It

"The Japanese were halted by the mud."

This from a radio broadcast and reminds me that I too know that mud as well as the Japanese Army. One morning while I was living in Ying Kow, my boy delivered a chit which read, "Come to dinner at 8 tonight. If it is still raining we'll put down some heavy boards across to our compound for you."

I signed the chit and wrote, "I'll be there," and sent the coolie back with it.

Then I returned to the window, where I could see over the compound wall a group of Chinese digging out a jackass, which had sunk up to its tummy in the mire. The coolies were using a piece of scantling to pry the poor beast out. The animal had just slipped off the miry board and the more he struggled the deeper he went.

About 7 p.m. the rain ceased. I dressed for dinner, ordered my rickshaw and through the gray-green moonlight we reached mine host and the boards which lay across the mire. I started along them toward the compound. My galoshes made the mud-smeared board slippery. I slipped, I slid and over went my left foot, down, down through the mire. Then it stopped. Something firm was underneath it. Good, I'd get back now. Then another slip off that something firm, a crumpling feeling, a tearing away, then a yell from me. "Help, I've fallen through a grave!"

Chinese graves are built cone-like, and like anthills dot the land all over Manchuko. I was rescued, though no scantling was used, and had a good dinner in spite of the bones I had seen.

Speaking of anthills reminds me of my stay in Mukden. When cholera was the aftermath of war, the Japanese sprayed all the conical Chinese graves with some white substance, quick-lime, I think, which made the graves look like military pup-tents. Fields of them were on each side of the mile-wide territory owned by the Japanese Immaculate Railway, and from my window at their fine station hotel I could watch them spraying the Chinese coolies as they left the work car that brought them to their homes close by.

On my first ride on this railway from Siberia, I was amused at the huge American-made engine and the smallness of its Japanese driver. And in the dining car, the Oriental used knife and fork while the Occidental tried balancing rice on chopsticks.

More mud I saw in heaps, the scrapings after a downpour or overflow from a high-tide. These heaps hid fierce wild dogs on their lee-side. Vicious scavenger dogs they were, which sprang out at you like the beggars unless you carried a very heavy wooden cane to beat them off. Then the dogs slink off showing their teeth much quicker than the beggar his tongue. The beggar delights in exhibiting his loathsomeness and keeps as close to you as he dares until you brandish your stick over him. Then he lets fly a volley of curses on you and spits.

And yet more mud . . . but this is alive with children, women, dogs and beggars. The one and only hotel in town throws out its table leavings, . . . watermelon rinds, bones and breadends and the starved creatures glean from them what food they can. What's left the tide later carries out to sea.

There is a last line in a verse I remember which goes
" . . . out of mud and scum of things."

There's always, always something

sings."

Is it so? Let us see . . . A mile up this same water's edge some sampans are huddled together. On the decks dirty men, women and children squat on their haunches, eating noodles from small blue bowls. They await a song. At sundown the wealthy Manchurian dandies arrive, carrying ivory jade-cupped bird cages huddled in blue. They line the river's bank and at a given signal the cover is removed. Then the thrush-like birds, seeing what appears as dawn, burst into song.

I have seen these little song-makers so intense, so eager to sing that their exertion and emotion makes them fall from the ivory perch to the floor of their cage, panting, with their claws in tightly-cramped curls. It is then that the rich dandies would take out their birds, caress and stroke them gently, until the little claws relax, the beaks close and their strength returns to all of them to be replaced on their ivory perches and the blue linen cover replaced, as night descended on them at the will of their masters' hands. The sampan listeners, who had strained every ear to catch the song, return to their life and the dandies return home and each and everyone discusses the songsters' worth. And you, the stranger, it is better there for you to get into your rickshaw and drive home while the glorious bird songs still vibrate in your ears.

Some things you are unable to forget . . . The Manchurian Mud . . . the Manchurian birdsong.

—ANN DARE

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Telfer Reading Stirs Audience

Two things requisite to an actor reading his lines are expression and the kind of volume or voice-throwing power that can hit the last man in the top gallery without knocking out the first six rows. Ronald Telfer, who read Arthur Koebel's play, "Having Wonderful Time," Monday night at the open meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of the Carmel Post of the American Legion, has them both and exhibited them to an admiring and delighted audience once he got used to the idea that he was in a small room and not in a large auditorium. He picked his characters and stuck with them throughout the reading, a rather difficult bit considering that almost the entire cast is made up of Jews from the Bronx section of New York.

In leading up to the reading Telfer said that the play opened last Spring in New York and played straight through the summer. It is the kind of play one could safely see in the summertime in New York. Nothing to get steamed up about . . . amusing . . . a few gag lines . . . a bit of pathos, but not laid on too thickly . . . a situation and a commentary at the same time. The scene is laid in Camp Kare-Free but the city toilers find that their cares follow them even if it is only a hang-over after a night's binge.

Telfer did a good job in reading the piece. He is doing a good job turning out dramatic aspirants in his School of Drama in San Francisco.

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Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse are returning soon from Memphis where they attended the Women's National Golf Championship meet, with their two protégées, daughter Mary Morse, and Clara Callendar of Pacific Grove. Clara broke the course record in a practice round and got into the finals with the top 16 contenders.

CARMEL CAPERS

The last straw in Ray Burns' sensational hay ride party was when the police ingeniously managed to unearth an old ordinance proscribing such rustic orgies and forced the instigators of the affair to sweep up the hay from the streets.

The revelers then adjourned to Whitney's and continued the party, it being philosophically decided that the wagon and the hay were of only the most incidental importance in the evening's gaiety.

+ + +

The hay ride, by the way, was in honor of Happy Whyte who took leave of Carmel Monday morning. She is going first to Hollywood and then back to her home in Wisconsin.

Although we were certainly sorry to see Happy leave, the sixteen parties in honor of her departure were a strain that only a girl of Happy's vitality could withstand.

+ + +

We saw Melvyn Douglas, the actor, at Pop Ernest's for dinner Sunday night looking much the same as he does in his screen portrayals.

Other visitors to this lovely peninsula over the week-end were Stan Delaplane of the Chronicle staff and Dick Tobin who professed to be under great urgency to return to his little cage in the Hibernia Bank by 9 o'clock Monday morning. We last saw him at 2 o'clock and wonder if he made it. The future of the banking industry sometimes hangs by tenuous threads!

We also saw Dick Gump at Del Monte. He is the author of a song, "My Tani," which is being played all over San Francisco. Wonder if Freddie Nagel knows it. It would be a nice addition to his repertoire and might keep him from over-working old favorites of which he is too fond.

+ + +

We never thought any human being could really look like the fatuous idealistic conceptions of the fashion artists until we first saw Nancy Gross, who really might have inspired them.

+ + +

In our list of visitors we forgot to mention the Woman's Garden Club, which had a convention at

Del Monte and which, while it did not add greatly to the gaiety of the week-end, is of great assistance to us in concluding this column on an unaccustomed note of utter respectability.

—LIBBY LEY

+ + +

NOW ICHABOD CAN GET HIS MID-MORNING LUNCH AT SUNSET SCHOOL

Mrs. Florence Morrow, school health supervisor, has sent notices concerning the mid-morning lunch at the school to all parents. For the sum of 25 cents a week the child will be given either orange juice or milk during the morning recess. The 25 cents must be paid on Friday of each week so that the milk can be ordered in advance.

EL FUMADOR MAGAZINES NEWSPAPERS

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EVENINGS AT 7:00 & 9:00 • MATINEES SAT., SUN., & WED. AT 2:30
FOR LAST TIME THIS EVENING

MY MAN GODFREY
AND... LOVE LETTERS OF A STAR

SUNDAY • MON • TUESDAY

Preston Foster and Jean Muir in Bret Harte's
OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT

Just in Case...

YOU SHOULD WANT TO KNOW

STATISTICS ON THE VILLAGE

Carmel is in a pine forest on the open-ocean slope of Monterey Peninsula, 130 miles south of San Francisco. Carmel has an estimated population of 2800. Area, 425 acres or 3/4 of a square mile. Improved streets, 30 miles. Dwellings, 1265. Business licenses, 261. Communities directly adjacent, but not within the city boundaries, are Carmel Point, with an estimated population of 150; Carmel Woods, 150, and Hatton Fields, 100.

Population of "metropolitan" Carmel is therefore 3200.

Also included in the area for which Carmel is the shopping center are Carmel Highlands, estimated population 100; Pebble Beach, 100; Carmel Valley, 100.

Total population of Carmel district, 3700.

The original Carmel City, comprising what is now the north-east section within the present city limits, was founded in 1887. The city as is, under the official name of Carmel-by-the-Sea, was founded in 1903 and incorporated in 1916.

The United States Post Office, insistent on brevity, ignores the hyphenated tail, and calls us Carmel, for which most of us are duly thankful.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Elective city offices with their incumbents are:

Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Everett Smith.

Commissioner of Streets, Sidewalks and Parks—James H. Thoburn.

Commissioner of Health and Safety—Clara N. Kellogg.

Commissioner of Police and Lights—Joseph A. Burge.

Commissioner of Fire and Water—Bernard Rowntree.

The above five form the City Council. They get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Saidee Van Brower. Telephone 110.

City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

Police Judge—George P. Ross. Telephone 1003.

Building Inspector—B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.

Tax Collector, License Collector—Telephone 376.

Police Department—Chief Robert Norton. Patrolmen, Earl Wermuth, Roy Frates, Douglas Rogers. Telephone 131.

Fire department—Chief, Robert Leidig. Chief and 21 members are volunteers. Two paid truck drivers. New fire house, on Sixth avenue, between San Carlos and Mission streets, recently completed with aid of WPA. Telephone 100.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride, is on Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh, opposite the Pine Cone office.

The city council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. The hours are 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books are free to permanent residents. A charge of \$3 a year is made to permanent residents in the Carmel district outside the city and owning no property inside it. A deposit of \$3 is required of transients, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of library.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original engravings, part of which is continually on display. If you know anything about engravings you will be surprised and pleased.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

ART GALLERIES

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day except Monday. Mrs. Ethel Warren, curator.

The Federal Art Gallery is on the Seven Arts Court, Lincoln street, just south of Ocean avenue.

CARMEL MISSION

Ecclesiastically known as Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. Drive south on San Carlos street, continuing on winding paved road quarter of a mile. Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 750. Regular masses Sunday, 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. Visiting hours, week-days, 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sundays, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints Church (Episcopal). East side of Monte Verde street, half a block

south of Ocean avenue. Rev. Carl Hulsewe, rector. Telephone 230.

Services: Holy communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Community Church. Lincoln street, half a block south from Ocean avenue. Rev. Homer S. Bodley, pastor. Telephone 977-J. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Junior League, 7 p.m. Epworth League, 7 p.m.

First Church of Christ Scientist. East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m.

THEATERS

Filmarte. West side of Monte Verde street, lessee and manager. Selections new, both American and foreign. Two shows in evening, 7 and 9 o'clock; matinees, Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday, 2:30 p.m. Telephone 403.

Carmel Theatre. In downtown district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. L. J. Lyons, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinees Saturday and Sunday. Telephone 282.

Forest Theater. Natural amphitheater in pine woods. Owned by city in park and playground area. Has produced summer plays since 1910. Mountain View avenue, three blocks from Ocean avenue.

POST OFFICE

South-east corner of Ocean avenue and Mission street. Irene Cator, postmaster.

Mail closes—For all points, 6:45 a.m. and 8:45 p.m. For all points except south, 12:15 p.m.

Mail available—From all points 10:45 a.m. Principally from north and east, 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. This includes Saturday, but the windows close on Saturday at 1 p.m. They are closed all day Sunday, but mail is placed in the boxes in the morning before 10:45 o'clock.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Ira D. Taylor, manager. Telephone 64.

TELEGRAPH

Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. Telephone Call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Telephone, Call Postal Telegraph.

BANKS

Bank of Carmel. North side of Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Charles L. Berkey, manager. Telephone 12.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. J. E. Abernethy, manager. Telephone 920.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Pacific Gas and Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth streets. L. G. Weer, manager. Telephone 778. If no answer, call 178.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Seventh and Dolores streets. Telephone 20.

Water Company. Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank building on Dolores street. Telephone 138.

TAXI SERVICE

Joe's 24-hour service. Ocean avenue, next to library, and Sixth and Dolores. Telephone 15.

Greyhound 24-hour service, Ocean avenue and Dolores. Telephone 40.

STAGE SERVICE

Monterey stage office. S. E. corner, Sixth and Dolores. Tel. 15. Leave for Monterey, A. M. 8:10, 9:15 and 11:45. P. M. 12:45, 2:30, 3:45, 5:30 and 6:30. Leave Monterey for Carmel: A. M. 9:00, 11:20. P. M. 12:20, 1:30, 3:15, 4:30, 5:45 and 7:00.

MONTEREY TRAINS

Southern Pacific Depot, Monterey. Telephone Monterey 4155. North-bound trains direct to San Francisco, 8:40 a.m. and 1:20 p.m. North-bound by railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 2:53 and 6:02 p.m. South-bound railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 9:45 a.m. and 8:53 p.m. Arrivals from north: 11:12 a.m., 6:52 and 9:51 p.m.

BUS SERVICE

Greyhound Lines. Main street, Monterey, in San Carlos Hotel building. Telephone 5887. Carmel information office, northwest corner of Dolores and Ocean avenue. Telephone Carmel 40.

Departures from Monterey: North-bound, A. M. 7:50, 9:35. P. M. 1:05, 2:45, 4:20, 6:45. South-bound, A. M. 9:00, 10:55. P. M. 6:45, 10:10.

Arrivals at Monterey: from Salinas and south, A. M. 8:55. P. M. 12:15, 6:30, 7:35, 9:20. From north, A. M. 10:25, 11:15. P. M. 12:20, 3:00, 4:20, 6:30, 7:35, 11:30.

First-Aid Class Starts On Oct. 25

Stimulation in first-aid courses has been created through the establishment of ambulance service by Carmel Red Cross. On Monday evening, October 25, a course on first-aid instruction will be inaugurated in Carmel. Classes will be formed and instruction given in the club rooms of the fire department. Courses will continue over a two week period for five nights a week.

Enrollment for the course, which includes both standard and advance classes, can be made through Red Cross headquarters on Dolores street. Many members of our volunteer fire department have already enrolled. These include Robert Leidig, B. W. Adams, Bill France, James Williams, Fred Mylar, Stanley Clay, John Black, Barney Bracciano, Albert Lockwood, Vincent Williams, Earl Walls, Ray Walls, Lytton Hitchcock, Paul Funchess, Jack Jordan, Paul Mercurio, Art Hilbert and Cedric Rowntree.

Invitation has been extended to Boy Scout leaders, Girl Scout leaders, teachers and any adult desirous of obtaining instruction in first-aid.

The classes will be conducted under the direction of Dr. Claude F. Peters, special field representative from Red Cross headquarters in San Francisco. It is hoped that several special instructors will be developed through the course, who will be able to carry on the work in the district throughout the year.

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DON BLANDING AT TEA WILL AUTOGRAPH NEW BOOK OF POEMS

If you want to buy Don Blanding's new book of poems, "The End of the Road," and at the same time get Don's autograph on the fly-leaf, look upon his countenance and hear his voice, drop down to Normandy Inn next Wednesday afternoon around 3 o'clock or later. Besides buying the book, you may also acquire a cup of tea which Mrs. Ted Sierka will provide you with for a trifle, and also Helen Ware and Mrs. James L. Cockburn will pour for you. The books will be provided by Mr. Spencer of the House of Cards.

Quite incidentally, Don will be in town for three days next week—Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

It also seems from the public press that Don is about to hit the films with his novel, "Stowaways in Paradise." Sol Lesser has bought it for Bobby Breen's starring vehicle for RKO-Radio release. Blanding, so the report goes, has been signed as technical advisor on the picture which will be filmed in Hawaii.

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Interesting new books at the Carmel Library include *Famine* by Liam O'Flaherty, who wrote the text for "The Informer," and *Elephant Dance* by Frances Hubbard Flaherty, wife of Director Robert Flaherty, who filmed the Peninsula record-breaking box office attraction, "Elephant Boy." Mrs. Flaherty's book tells the story of their adventures in India during the filming of this remarkable picture. Also new on the shelves are Robinson Jeffers' *Such Counsel You Gave To Me*, reviewed in a recent Cymal by Lynda Sargent; Cronin's much-talked-of *The Citadel*; Clarence Day's post-humous volume, *Life With Mother*; two mystery stories, *Background of Danger* by Ambler and *Dancers in Mourning* by Allingham; and a group of fiction, Sabatini's *The Lost King*, Stevenson's *Miss Buncle's Book*, Lincoln's *The Storm Girl* and Gill's *Heartwood*.

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: Ten cents a line for one insertion. Eight cents a line per insertion for two insertions. Thirty cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, twenty cents. Count six four-letter words per line.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

"WEE BASING" New white cottage on Carmel Point. Perfectly designed for utility and comfort—all modern improvements—nice garden and glassed-over sun porch—close to the beach but with excellent Valley view. See THOBURNS across from the Library or Carmel Realty Company. (16)

CARMEL POINT—One of the few fine parcels of six lots left intact—the Dr. Lane property—unobstructed Valley View—facing both Carmelo & Rio Ave.—Comfortable house on 2 lots leaving balance of property for development. Priced for immediate sale. See Carmel Realty Company or Thoburns, Ocean Avenue. (16)

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS PAY

HOUSES TO RENT

FOR RENT—Unusually cheerful 3-room furnished cottage. Newly decorated. Abundant electric lights. Sunny location. 7-minutes walk from P.O. Tel. 1424.

SMALL COTTAGE to rent from October 1 to November 15. See Mrs. F. E. Lloyd, San Carlos, below 13th.

FOR RENT—To one or two adults. Charming modern cottage with garage. Phone 799 or 931.

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS PAY

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

FOR RENT—3-room apartment and small cottage. Phone 1215-W. (tf)

JOBS WANTED

SECRETARIAL WORK—Typing, stenography, bookkeeping, clerical work, hourly or part time. At your office or mine. Educated, experienced woman. P. O. Box 943, Phone 197-W. (tf)

MASSAGE

SWEDISH MASSEUR, Graduate of the Gothenburg Gymnastical Institute, gives home treatments. For appointment phone Carmel 563-W.

FOR SALE

Miscellaneous

LOVELY ORIENTAL royal meshed rug. Size 10x14. Excellent condition. Anne Michels, Carmel 633-W.

FOR RENT

Miscellaneous

PIANO FOR RENT—Baby Grand. Unusually low rental to right party. Call Carmel 702 for particulars.

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS

GOOD USED PORTABLE Typewriter. Must be reasonable and late model. Phone Carmel 608-W. (16)

Far East War Discussed At Woman's Club

Mrs. Lawrence Knox was the guest speaker at the first meeting of the Carmel Woman's Club held Wednesday morning at Pine Inn. Mrs. Knox discussed the conflict in the Far East with special reference to the fear-complex which had dictated so much of the Asiatic policy—Japan afraid of Russia, and vice versa, and China and Japan and all the other world powers all afraid of each other. Three books were recommended for reading on the subject: "Can China Survive?" by Hallett Abend; "The Far East Comes Nearer" by Hessel Tiltman, and Chiang Kai-Shek's own autobiography, just recently released.

Mrs. Willis White was in charge of the meeting.

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Last Friday was a red-letter day for two couples at the Community Church. They were Mary C. Smith and Hutton Hugh Darrah of Pacific Grove, and Olga Stiver and Earl Van Vechten, who motored up from San Luis Obispo. Mme. Borghild Janson sang before the two ceremonies which were performed by the Rev. Homer S. Bodley. The Darrahs will make their home in Pacific Grove and the Van Vechtens will return to San Luis after a wedding trip to Utah.

+

THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS can get most any kind of a man's good wife—if she can read.

Filmarte To Show 'Outcasts of Poker Flat'

If Preston Foster and Jean Muir do it anywhere near as well as Bret Harte wrote it, "Outcasts of Poker Flat," coming to the Filmarte should be a honey.

And we would suggest that if you have never read the story, get it and read it before you see the movie. If the film follows it, you will get an added thrill through having read Bret Harte's literary gem. If it doesn't, your memory of the story can't be hurt much anyway; it will be too lasting.

"Outcasts of Poker Flat" comes next Sunday. "My Man Godfrey," a good piece of comedy, comes tonight and "Love Letters of a Star" tomorrow.

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POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

Every once in a while I fall into a longing mood for travel and that is when I get my nose into the auto news section of some metropolitan newspaper. Before me are pictures of some attractive coast or mountain scenery, oaks and pines and rocks, and across the page some industrious looking gentleman with something on wheels or in cans to sell.

Well, at this stage I succumb before the onslaught of headlines that take me off on a tour somewhere I'd rather like to go if I ever have the money and the time together at some future juncture in this life.

Below the headlines the macadam strip unwinds and before I am aware I am getting lubricated and tuned and the wheels are going around as silently as ghosts on a skating rink.

But that is just when all my equilibrium goes to pieces, because I wake up and realize that my own perfectly dear old car can never afford such lubrication or care, and we can't ever again, probably, be able to buy the splendid, smooth flowing, non-jar gasoline mentioned frequently in the article.

It is then that I have fears that the old President Eight may get indigestion somewhere along the way, if I ever start out on this trip, and fall into a decline, stimulated by oil that is not free from wax and gasoline that is not free from acids, and sparkplugs that are not free from carbon.

I rush out and take a look at the old machine, and it doesn't look so bad for all the rough treatment. Then I start the motor, and it doesn't sound so bad. Only I notice that one or two of the sparkplugs wiggle on firing and compression strokes, but it still works.

So I get back to my article, and, although President Eight still manages to get me to town and back as frequently as I have to make that undesirable move, it perhaps isn't quite the thing any more for a long, hard run. And so back to just reading about the gliding motions across sylvan countryside, along rocky, fog-strewn coast, down to silver beaches.

All would be fine, but still there lurks in the beautiful fiction that some anemic newspaperman in a feverish moment of activity wrote in burning letters upon a shivering typewriter a note of harshness. It is something like this:

Over the newly-opened road, blah, blah, blah, aided by Ranger oil-soaked blah, blah, blah, at the suggestion of J. Spoovis Perkins, genial blah, blah, blah, we purred blah, blah, blah, where the Spartan-Ranger oil party had a spread of exceptional scenery blah, blah, blah. J. Spooover Perkins, speaking of the fine performance blah, blah, blah and so on . . .

Yes, somewhere is a jarring note, in spite of the cypress-strewn, sheep-dotted, sea-laved photographs which even themselves are crowded to one side by the nose-and-spectacles picture of J. Spoovis Perkins,

Ranger oil executive, happy over the blah, blah, blah . . .

And jarring note of the week: The new auto camp which masquerades as week-end huts for club members. Guess what I mean and then drive down along Santa Lucia and the River road and gaze south and east and see what I mean. Then, all you infuriated neighbors, go tell your county supervisors what you think of them. They are afraid of losing their salaries, I can assure you, and, I can also assure you, some of them wouldn't be supervisors if there was anything else they could do to gather in a few more shekels.

So there!

Women Voters Hear Reports On Convention

Because of conflict with the morning sessions of the Carmel Woman's Club, it was announced at the 10:30 a.m. business meeting of the Monterey County League of Women Voters Wednesday, that hereafter the League meetings will begin with the luncheon at 11:45, a short business meeting at the luncheon table at 12:30, and the speaker of the day to have the hour of 1:15 to 2:15 with 15 minutes for questions and discussion. In this manner the meetings may be adjourned at 2:30 and the morning hours would be uninterrupted.

Reports of the various delegates to the San Francisco convention were made Wednesday. Miss Clara Hinds attended the Round Table on Child Welfare and the Government in Education, which dealt mostly with the problem of child labor and underprivileged children. Mrs. Howard Clark reported on the Foreign Policy section which was under the leadership of Mrs. M. Graham.

The league has announced its program as supporting a neutrality policy which will not obstruct peace treaties, and participation in collective systems for the furtherance of peace. A plan for stopping the present Sino-Japanese "war" by evoking the neutrality act and thereby putting a government embargo on munitions and raw materials is being put forth by the League as a means of stopping war now, rather than waiting until we have a bankrupt nation on our hands with the attendant difficulties. Women are urged not to try individual boycotts as this leads to an emotional bias. Japanese citizens of the United States should not suffer for something entirely out of their hands.

The Section of Foreign Affairs will meet Wednesday, October 20, at the home of Miss Clara Hinds. Mrs. Lawrence Knox will be the speaker.

Miss Lydia Weld reported for the Economic Welfare Round Table with particular emphasis on a proposed combination of overlapping government relief agencies. Mrs. Charles A. T. Cabanis announced that in the recent legislature all bills supported by the League were passed and all they opposed, failed, which, as she indicated, merely means that the League

Byington Ford Visits Old Home Town He Left Some 45 Years Ago

By Ford doesn't know for certain whether he's a wraith or actually in the flesh. He visited Downieville, Sierra County, this last week-end, but forgot to look up his birth certificate.

But he has, on pretty good authority, the assurance that he was born there 45 years ago, leaving at the age of two for San Francisco, accompanied, of course, by his parents.

Last week-end he visited his birthplace for the first time since he departed it in 1893. He enjoyed it no end. He was accompanied by his uncle, Lewis F. Byington, former district attorney of San Francisco, and his younger brother, Tiley L. Ford. They got the only room in the hotel with a bath, but By says the "hot" and "cold" faucets

therein both ran cold.

Tiley took a picture of the office and work plant of the Downieville Messenger which has appeared every week for the past eon or two. By says he doesn't see how they could get a newspaper out of the place, but apparently they do, and regularly.

By found the house in which he was born and the room in the house in which he was born, only he says they've made it into a bathroom—since he was born in it.

Rosamonde Lee of San Francisco has deserted the airlines for a few weeks or so and is taking it easy in Carmel. Miss Lee is the niece of Don Lee, well known network man.

Ruth Hanford Lewis is back in Carmel at the Silva Studio on North Carmelo. Mrs. Lewis has been in Berkeley for the last six weeks giving a course on voice.

Mrs. Frank J. Frost of Palo Alto and Miss Margaret Tilly, pianist, of San Francisco, were Carmel visitors over the past week-end.

COME OVER TONIGHT!

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Floor Show

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296 LIGHTHOUSE AVENUE • NEW MONTEREY
Of course, you can dance every night



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Barbizon shares our belief that Mrs. John G. Public knows merchandise and appreciates the best. That's why Shelby is made as it is . . . not the cheapest slip you can buy, but certainly the best value. The best fit, the best tailoring, and the silk is superb! Lovely Crepe Garter, a pure dye, pure silk, woven in the Barbizon mills. You wouldn't be interested in its unusual tensile strength or the numerous picks to the inch, but take our word for it, this is a superior fabric and will give you long and satisfying service.

This very special slip comes in three lengths:

TRUSHORT . . . for smalls
TRULONG . . . for tall
SHELBY . . . for "regular gals"

Exclusively on the Peninsula at . . .

HOLMAN'S
PACIFIC GROVE

We Give S. & H. Green Trading Stamps

is working along proper constructive lines.

Miss Weld, president of the Monterey County branch of the League announced that those members of the League in Carmel who participated in the question of Civil Service for city employees did so and are doing so as Carmel citizens and not as representatives of the organization.

Gretchen Schoeninger and Mrs. Gertrude Tooker left last week for Chicago where they will meet the Hin Bredendiecks (Virginia Tooker) who are coming back to the States from Germany. Dr. Bredendieck is to be on the faculty of the New Bauhaus school of modern functional art and design which will be located in the Marshall Field estate. Gretchen will stay in the east to continue her art studies.

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Asilomar

announces the Friday Night Club Dances starting October 29th with a Hallowe'en Party. • You are cordially invited to become a member . . . and to bring guests

Miriam Watson
Hostess

Bob Beach's
Orchestra

+ Merrill Hall, Asilomar, 8:30 p.m. October 29th

Membership dues 50c a person admission each dance attended

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